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## The Lessening of the Terrors of War.

BY THOMAS B. REED.

What, then, has ameliorated war? Perhaps it will aid us to know how it has been ameliorated. War no longer demolishes cities. Private property is sacred. No pillage is permitted. But for the refusal of the United States no privateering would have been allowed long before the conferences at The Hague, and the commerce of mankind would have safely moved over the seas. France and England have great commerce and great navies, and object to privateering. The United States has the same religion, but not the same navies, and thought it would rather issue letters of marque. Interest and not morality seems to act. War is made more and more to respect material interests. Men have found by experience—which is another name for knowledge—that it does not pay in the long run to destroy property, and hereafter they will find out that it does not pay to destroy life. War is dying out because men have something else to do. They are engaged in trade, in enterprises which war interferes with. Life is getting every day to be better worth living. Hence men do not want to lose it. When the life of men, like the life of Australian diggers, was only an alternation of starving and eating to such repletion as made them roll on the ground in agonies of surfeit, a man must have been very particular who cared whether there was war or not. But when the interests of all nations get so universally interwoven with the warp and woof of trade that the knowledge of its devastations will be brought home to all men, war will cease. But the proclamation that there shall be no more war will come from the tradesmen, and not from the preacher.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

### Only a Beginning.

Victor Hugo wrote in his old age: "I feel in myself the the future life. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers: why then is my soul the more luminous when

my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart.

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: 'I have finished my day's work;' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.—*Taylor.*

It is foolish to get discouraged because reform in a simple term does not correct the errors of generations. Like everything else, reform must have time.

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